The Sinners ſupplication.

Confeſsing his ſins, and humbly craving pardon of the Lord: he hateth the world, and deſireth to inhabit in the heavenly Ieruſalem: and the deſcription thereof.

To the tune of, *Troy Towne.*

O Gratious God and heavenly King,
That rules and governes every thing,
Whose power the heavens & earth do know,
Behold me wretch oppreſt with woe:
Be thou my God in this diſtreſſe,
And eaſe me of my wickedneſſe.
O Lord, Lord for thy mercy now forgive
me, come and receive me home.

The terrors of this fearfull death,
Which makes so many loſe their breath,
Doe make me feare my part therein,
For recompence of my great ſinne
O Lord unto my voice give heed,
And rid my life and ſoule from dread.
O Lord, Lord for thy mercy, &c.

Moſt gracious God now lend thine eare,
Bow downe thy ſelfe my cryes to heare,
Let not my words be ſpent in vaine,
But helpe me Lord now I complaine.
Be thou my rocke, my ſtrength and ſtay,
For thou haſt promiſt helpe alway.

This grievous ſcourge which thou haſt ſent,
Upon us for our chaſtiſement:
We muſt confeſſe we have deſerved,
For from thy lawes we all have ſwerved.
Our ſinnes have ſore provoked thee,
In wrath againſt us all to be. &c.

The ſinnes of Sodome here doe raigne,
And in our Citie doe remaine,
Both old and young, both rich and poore,
Doe daily ſinne and vex thee ſore:
They ſweare and lye, they ſteale and kill,
and for old ſhoes the poore they ſell.

False beames and weights are daily uſed,
Whereby full many are abuſed,
And covetous uſurers by exceſſe,
Have brought a number to diſtreſſe,
They purchaſe daily houſe and ground,
And racking rents the poore they wound.

And I O Lord amongſt the reſt,
Doe yeeld that I have ſore tranſgreſt:
But yet O Lord I thee deſire,
Not to rebuke me in thine ire.
Beare not in mind my former ill,
But frame me to thy holy will.

I was conceivd and borne in ſin,
And ſince I have moſt wicked bin,
Offending thee my gracious God,
Till hereby I have deſerved thy rod.
But now O Lord I doe repent,
Let me not faile thy puniſhment.

My ſinnes are ſet before mine eyes,
My graceleſſe oathes I doe deſpiſe,
My want of grace I doe lament,
And youthfull time ſo vainely ſpent.
Forgive me Lord for Chriſt his ſake,
And let thy wrath and anger ſlake.

Vaine world adieu thou flatteriſt man,
I loath thee now, doe what thou can:
I yeeld my life moſt willingly
Unto my God to live and dye.
For under his wings I plainely ſee,
There is moſt ſafety for mee.

45. b. 28. 33.

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45. b. 28. 33.

The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.

Oh where ſaid David ſhall I fly,
But God will there be preſently?
There is no place to ſcape from God,
If thou deſerve to feele his rod.
Thou man in thy vocation ſtay,
And God will thee defend alway.

I with my ſelfe am now reſolved,
And with S. Paul to be diſſolved,
From this Body of ſinne and mire,
I doe moſt earneſtly deſire,
And with my Saviour Chriſt to be,
To live with him eternally.

My thirſty ſoule deſires her draught,
My poyſoned mind would faine be out,
From chaines and fetters of the fleſh,
To live with him in happineſſe:
She longs to come into the coaſt,
Which ſhe by Sathans wiles hath loſt.

From Egypt now I will returne,
Where cruell bondage makes me mourne,
And eke from Babylon I would be,
Releaſed from captivity:
To be in new Ieruſalem,
Amongſt the Saints to ſing with them.

This is the home which I doe meane,
That Citty new Ieruſalem:
Where many thouſand Saints doe ſing
Praiſes unto their heavenly King.
Within that Citty there is peace,
Continues ſtill and never ceaſe.

There is an ever laſting ſpring,
There birds doe ever chirp and ſing,
There bluſtring winter never blowes,
It never freezeth there nor ſnowes:
Nor Summers parching doth no harme,
The weather there is temperate warme.

There pleaſant Gardens ever keepe,
All ſorts of Flowers ever ſweet:
The trées do bloſſome bud and beare
The fruits are mellow all the yeare
All ſorts of plants both freſh and greene,
At all times there are to bee ſeene.

The gates of equall diſtance be,
Moſt beautifull and faire to ſee:
Bedeckt with many pretious ſtones,
And wrought with burniſht Ivory bones,
The walles of Jaſper richly built,
The ſtréets and houſes pav'd and guilt.

There pleaſant Wine in rivers flowes,
Upon the bankes the Suger growes,
Incloſ'd in Réedes of Cynamon,
More ſweéter than the hony combe:
To ſee theſe ſights and many moe,
Who would not covet there to goe?

There is no néed of Moone nor Sunne,
For there the day and night are one:
No heart can think nor tongue can tell,
The glorious ſightes for to excell.
The dwellers there are crown'd with gold,
Like Kings moſt glorious to behold.

Like loving friends they live in bliſſe,
Like ſpouſes they the Bridegroome kiſſe.
The lifelving Lord and maſter deare,
Who feaſteth them with heavenly cheare.
O God of heaven of thy good grace,
Conduct us to that heavenly place.
O Lord, Lord for thy mercy now forgive me, come and receive me home.

Printed at London for *Henry Goſſon*, dwelling on London Bridge.